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**BIG NEWS!
8 EXTRA PAGES!
Two exciting
stories.**

GANG-BUSTER

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the face of death

On the 5th June, 1956, an R.A.F. helicopter from Thorney Island answered a rescue call from a yachtsman and his wife who had been caught in a terrifying gale. On board the helicopter was 18-year-old A.C.2 Ray Martin who had only been in the R.A.F. for five months. Martin was lowered down from the helicopter and once on board the yacht he found that the man was unconscious. Despite the howling gale, Martin managed



to get the rescue harness around him and the man was hauled to safety. As the helicopter flew away, Martin stayed on board with the yachtsman's wife. It was a nightmare wait with the raging seas threatening to swamp the tiny craft and when the helicopter returned, Martin was almost exhausted from his efforts to keep the yacht afloat. Somehow he found the strength to get the woman to safety before he himself was hauled up. Throughout the rescue, Martin displayed the highest courage—for which he was awarded the George Medal.

GANG-BUSTER

AT THREE O'CLOCK PRECISELY, LORD PRENDER WAS KILLED. AS WITH ALL THE OTHERS, NO ATTEMPT WAS MADE AT CONCEALMENT OF THE CRIME. IT WAS COMMITTED IN FULL VIEW OF MANY WITNESSES. THAT WAY THE WARNING WAS UNMISTAKABLE!



COMMANDER RIDGEWAY ARRIVED TO FIND WHAT WAS NOW AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR SCENE.



I DON'T
SUPPOSE ANYONE
GOT A GOOD LOOK AT
THE CAR OR THE MEN
WHO DID IT ?

THEY SAY IT ALL HAPPENED SO
FAST, SIR. A BLACK CAR, BUT
IT WAS PROBABLY STOLEN.
NO-ONE ADMITS TO BEING ABLE
TO IDENTIFY THE MEN INSIDE.

AS HE HURRIED BACK TO SCOTLAND YARD, COMMANDER RIDGEWAY FELT HIS AGE FOR THE FIRST TIME.



THIRTY YEARS AGO
IT WAS TOUGH ENOUGH.
NOW THE FRATERNITY'S
GROWN STRONGER - AND
I'VE GOT OLDER !

WHEN RIDGEWAY FOUND THE HOME SECRETARY WAITING IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, HE KNEW THERE WOULD BE FIREWORKS.

I'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT LORD PRENDER. REALLY, COMMANDER, THE WHOLE THING IS GETTING OUT OF HAND. THAT'S THE FOURTH PROMINENT OFFICIAL IN THE PAST MONTH. IT'S GOT TO STOP!

THERE JUST AREN'T ENOUGH POLICEMEN TO GUARD ALL THOSE WHO HAVE ASKED FOR PROTECTION, SIR.



UNLESS WE BREAK THIS - THIS ORGANISATION'S STRANGLEHOLD, OUR WHOLE SOCIETY COULD COLLAPSE. THERE WON'T BE A BUSINESS MAN - OR OFFICIAL - SAFE FROM THEIR CONTROL OR INTIMIDATION!

THE SAME PATTERN OF CORRUPTION IS SPREADING FROM AMERICA RIGHT ACROSS EUROPE, LIKE A BLIGHT, RIDGEWAY! I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO FIND THEIR WEAKNESS. GOOD-DAY!



THE COMMISSIONER GESTURED HELPLESSLY...

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS - IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. WHERE ELSE CAN WE BEGIN?

WHY NOT AT THE VERY BEGINNING, SIR? YES, PERHAPS THAT'S THE ANSWER!

RIDGEWAY LEFT HIS CHIEF AND DROVE TO A SEEDY PART OF LONDON'S EAST END.

BEATS ME WHY THE COMMANDER KEEPS THAT PLACE GOING. WASTING HIS MONEY ON DEADBEATS AND PUNCHY OLD BOXERS. MUST BE GETTING SOFT IN HIS OLD AGE!



THE MAN THE COMMANDER INDICATED WAS IN THE BOXING RING - AT THAT MOMENT LANDING A HARD RIGHT TO THE POINT OF HIS SPARRING PARTNER'S JAW.

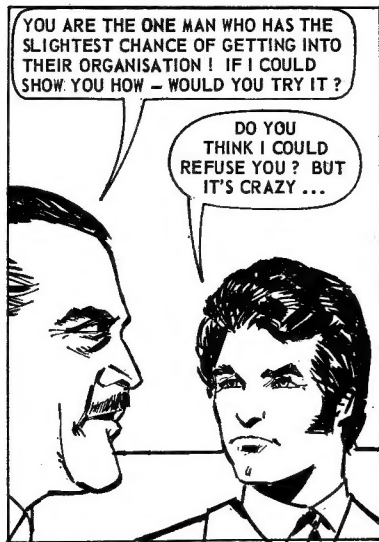
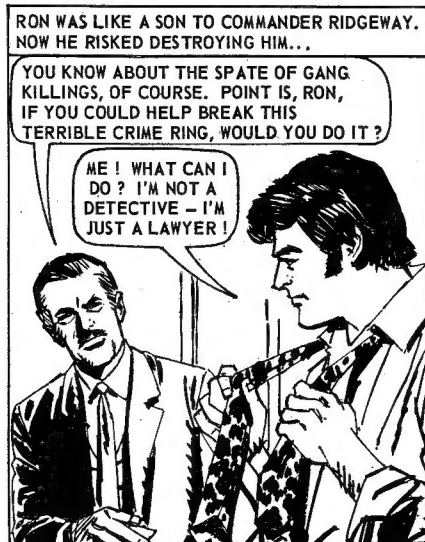


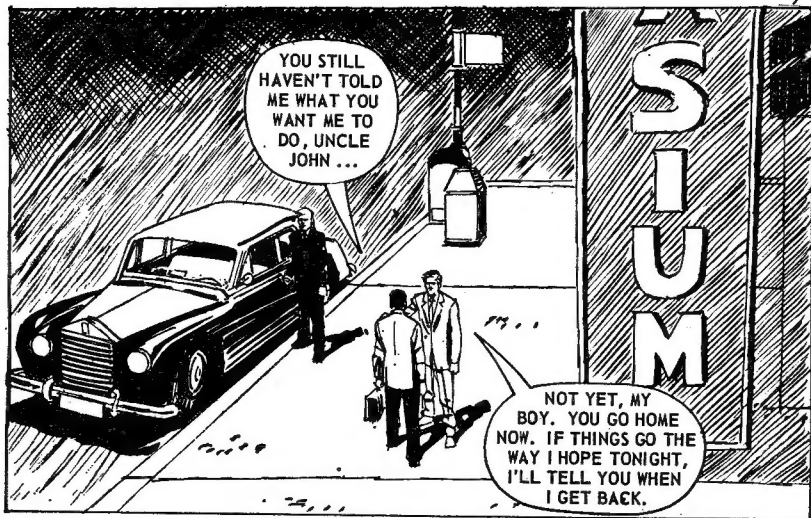
THERE WAS AN AFFECTIONATE GLOW IN THE COMMANDER'S NORMALLY COLD BLUE EYES ...

A NICE
RIGHT, RON.
OLD PUGGY
DIDN'T SEE
THAT ONE
COMING'!

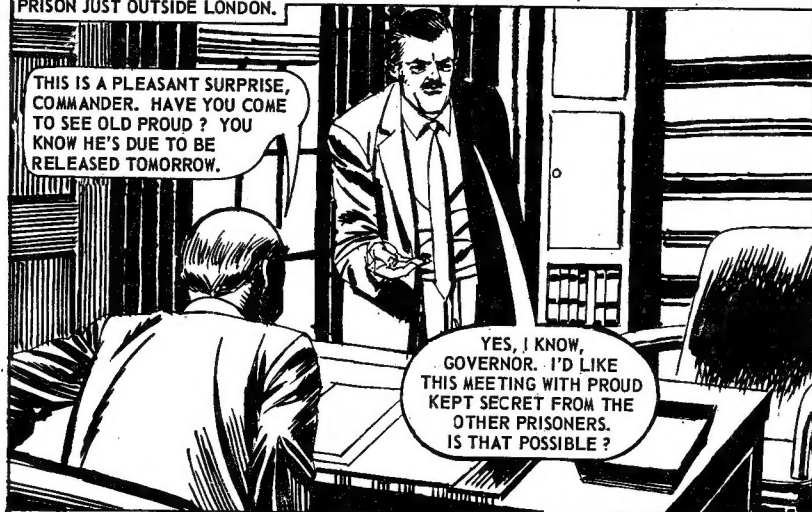
UGH!
HE'S GOT A
RIGHT LIKE A MULE
KICK. WASTING HIS
TIME BEIN' A LAWYER -
'E IS!







COMMANDER RIDGEWAY HAD ONE MORE CALL TO MAKE THAT NIGHT, TO A LONG-TERM PRISON JUST OUTSIDE LONDON.



THE GOVERNOR MADE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS AND COMMANDER RIDGEWAY WAS JOINED BY AN ELDERLY PRISONER.

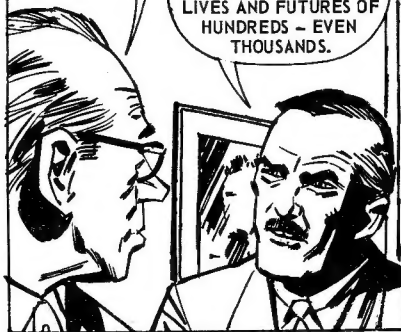
COMMANDER !
HAS SOMETHING
HAPPENED
TO RON ?

NO, THE BOY'S FINE,
CARL. I WANT YOU TO RELEASE ME
FROM MY PROMISE. IT'S TIME RON
KNEW THE TRUTH.



BUT THAT
WOULD RUIN HIM.
YOU'VE TOLD ME
HOW WELL HE'S
DOING. DO YOU
WANT TO SEE ALL
THAT LOST ?

THERE'S A
LOT MORE THAN
JUST RON'S CAREER
AT STAKE, CARL. THE
LIVES AND FUTURES OF
HUNDREDS - EVEN
THOUSANDS.

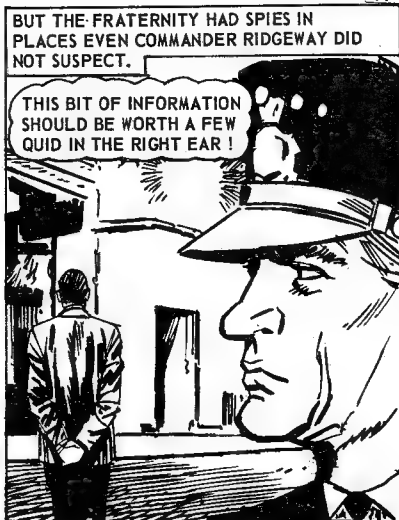


RIDGEWAY TALKED FOR TWO HOURS,
PLEADING, URGING, CAJOLING. IN THE
END ...

VERY WELL, COMMANDER.
I HEARD THE FRATERNITY
HAD GROWN. SURPRISINGLY,
THEY STILL REMEMBER ME.
THEY EVEN SENT ME SOME
CLOTHES FOR MY RELEASE.

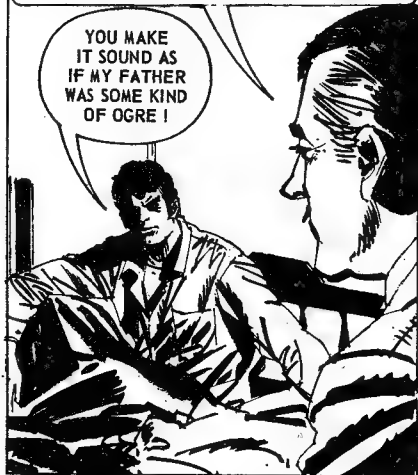
THEY WON'T
FORGET YOU,
CARL - YOU HAD
A GENIUS FOR
ORGANISING.
PITY YOU DIDN'T
PUT IT TO
BETTER USE!





IN ALL THE YEARS WE HAVE BEEN TOGETHER, RON, I HAVE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR FATHER. NOW IT'S TIME YOU KNEW THE TRUTH.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF MY FATHER WAS SOME KIND OF OGRE !



YOUR FATHER AND I GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO. A BRILLIANT MAN - COULD HAVE BEEN A PROFESSOR. YOU'VE INHERITED SOME OF HIS TALENTS - THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, PARTICULARLY. UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS CRIME THAT ATTRACTED HIM.



'HE BUILT UP AN ORGANISATION SO EFFICIENT IT MADE OTHER GANGS LOOK LIKE AMATEURS. HE PLANNED SCIENTIFICALLY, BRILLIANTLY, LEFT NOTHING TO CHANCE...'

NO-ONE MOVES UNTIL THE PRECISE MOMENT, SO MAKE SURE YOUR WATCHES ARE SYNCHRONISED ...



THE DIAMOND CENTRE ROBBERY WAS A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF HOW ORIGINAL HE COULD BE. POSING AS FIREMEN, THEY USED AXES TO HACK THEIR WAY INTO THE MAIN OFFICES. TOOK A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS ...!

BETTER KEEP THOSE CROWDS BACK, CONSTABLE. THERE'S LEAKING GAS, DANGER OF AN EXPLOSION.



THE STRIKING FEATURE OF ALL THESE ROBBERIES WAS THAT NO-ONE WAS EVER HURT. I'M NOT SAYING THIS EXCUSED THE CRIMES, BUT IT WAS IMPORTANT. THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, THINGS WENT WRONG.!

LOOK OUT !
YOU'LL
HIT HIM !

THE FOOL
GOT IN
THE WAY !



FOR ALL HIS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES, YOUR FATHER COULD NEVER ACCEPT VIOLENCE. BUT SOONER OR LATER, VIOLENCE HAD TO CATCH UP WITH HIM!



'HE TRIED TO KEEP OUT THE VICIOUS THUG. BUT HIS VERY SUCCESS DREW THIS TYPE. THE FRATERNITY, AS IT WAS CALLED IN THE UNDERWORLD, GOT TOO BIG FOR HIM TO WATCH EVERY MAN...'

PROUD'S SMART, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S TOO SOFT. START DOING THINGS OUR WAY AND THERE'S NO LIMIT HOW FAR WE CAN GO!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



'IT WAS THE HAYWARD BANK ROBBERY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING. IT BROUGHT THE TRUTH HOME TO YOUR FATHER - BUT TOO LATE !'



'A POLICEMAN WAS KILLED AND A PASSING AMBULANCE CRASHED WHEN ITS DRIVER WAS HIT. HIS ONLY PASSENGER WAS A WOMAN BEING RUSHED TO HOSPITAL TO HAVE HER BABY. THAT WOMAN WAS YOUR MOTHER ! YOU WERE THE UNBORN CHILD !'

'WE KNEW YOUR FATHER WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND THE ROBBERIES, BUT WE COULD NEVER PROVE IT. WE MET AGAIN AT THE HOSPITAL...

YOU'RE TOO LATE, I'M AFRAID. YOUR WIFE DIED A FEW MINUTES AGO, PROUD. THEY MANAGED TO SAVE THE BABY - A BOY!



'THAT NIGHT, I MADE YOUR FATHER A SOLEMN PROMISE ...'

TAKE CARE OF MY SON, RIDGEWAY. RAISE HIM AS YOUR OWN, GIVE HIM ANOTHER NAME AND NEVER TELL HIM ABOUT ME. DO THIS AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING ABOUT THE FRATERNITY.

I'LL DO IT, PROUD! NOT FOR YOU, BUT FOR THE BOY'S SAKE!



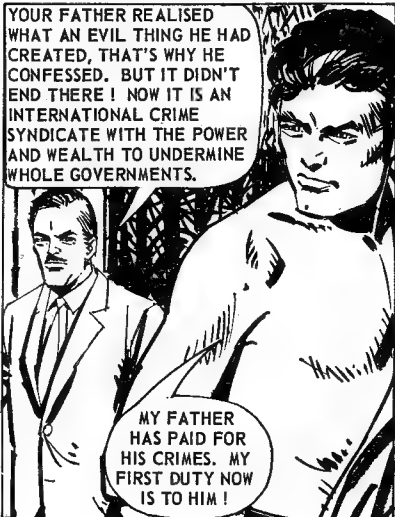
TONIGHT, RON, YOUR FATHER RELEASED ME FROM MY PROMISE.. I HOPED IT MIGHT PERSUADE YOU TO HELP US BREAK THE NEW FRATERNITY.

ALL THESE YEARS - IN PRISON - AND I DIDN'T KNOW! I MUST SEE MY FATHER!



YOUR FATHER REALISED WHAT AN EVIL THING HE HAD CREATED, THAT'S WHY HE CONFESSED. BUT IT DIDN'T END THERE! NOW IT IS AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATE WITH THE POWER AND WEALTH TO UNDERMINE WHOLE GOVERNMENTS.

MY FATHER HAS PAID FOR HIS CRIMES. MY FIRST DUTY NOW IS TO HIM!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, RON LEFT THE HOUSE OF HIS ADOPTION - AND TWO FURTIVE FIGURES WATCHED HIM GO ...

WHO WAS THAT ?

DOESN'T MATTER - RIDGEWAY'S STILL INSIDE ! HE'S ALL WE WANT !

RON SPENT THE REMAINING FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN OUTSIDE THE PRISON, AWAITING HIS FATHER'S RELEASE.

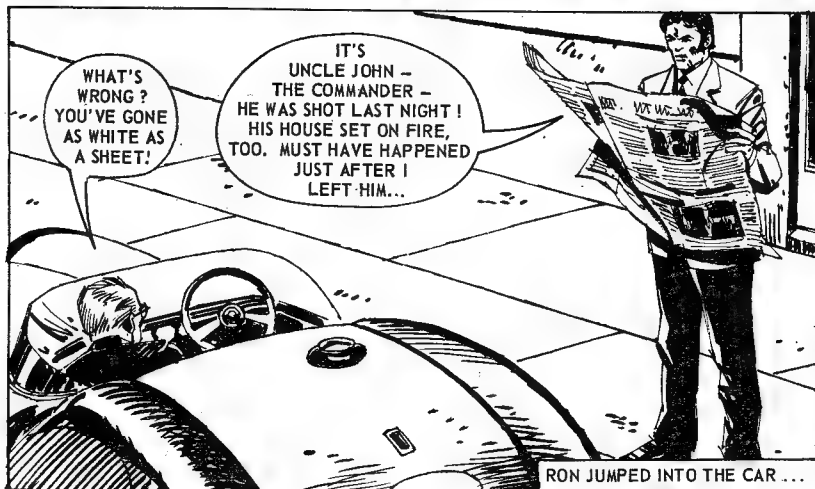
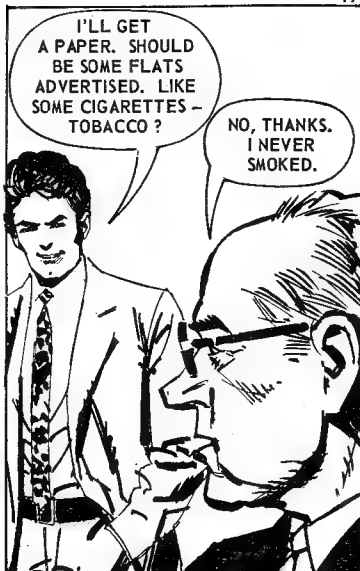


IT WAS A POIGNANT MOMENT FOR BOTH MEN.

HELLO, FATHER. I'VE COME FOR YOU. LET ME TAKE THE CASE.

RON ...

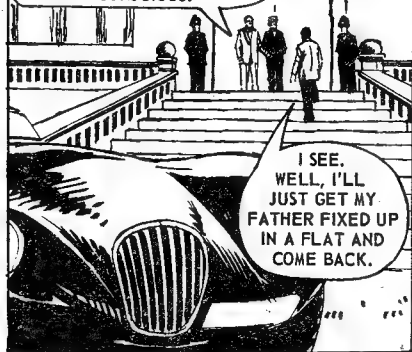






HAVING LIVED ALL HIS LIFE WITH A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER, IT WAS NO SURPRISE RON KNEW MANY IN THE FORCE...

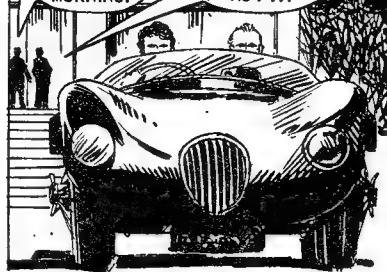
HELLO, RON. AFRAID THEY WON'T LET YOU IN TO SEE HIM YET. GOT HIM IN A SPECIAL ROOM, NUMBER SEVEN - HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS.



THE OTHER POLICEMAN, A DETECTIVE SERGEANT, HAD GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THE PASSENGER IN RON'S CAR.

BUT IT WAS OLD CARL PROUD, SIR. I'D LAY A MONTH'S PAY ON IT. HE WAS RELEASED THIS MORNING.

BUT RON RIDGEWAY CALLED HIM HIS FATHER. SURELY NOT ...



IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON BY THE TIME RON AND HIS FATHER FOUND A SUITABLE FLAT. . .



A KNOCK SURPRISED BOTH MEN. RON OPENED THE DOOR AND WAS PUSHED ROUGHLY ASIDE ...



ONE OF THE TOUGHS MADE A GRAB AT OLD PROUD'S ARM ...



THE SPEED AND EFFICIENCY OF RON'S RETALIATION TOOK BOTH THUGS BY SURPRISE.



PICK UP THAT GUN, DAD, AND SHUT THE DOOR.
I WANT TO ASK THESE TWO MUGS SOME QUESTIONS.



LIKE YOU SAID, WE'LL SKIP THE
FORMALITIES. WHO SENT YOU AND WHY
DO YOU WANT MY FATHER?

YOU'RE ASKING
FOR A LOT OF
TROUBLE, MISTER.

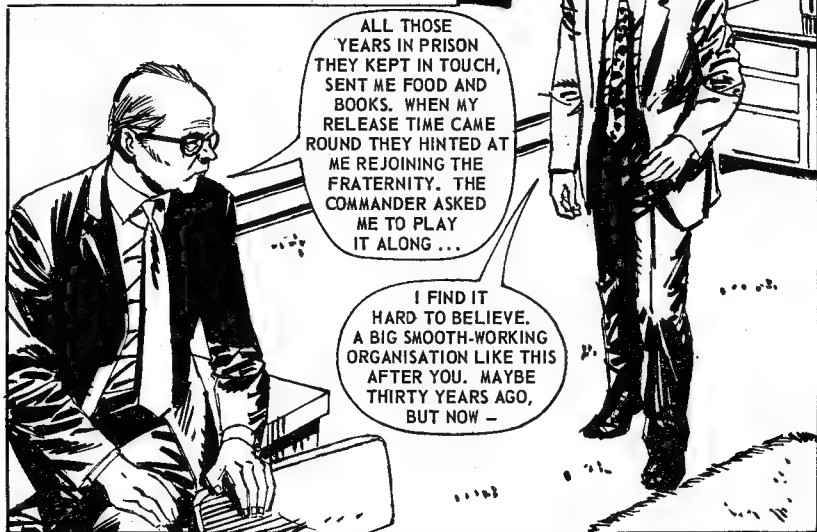
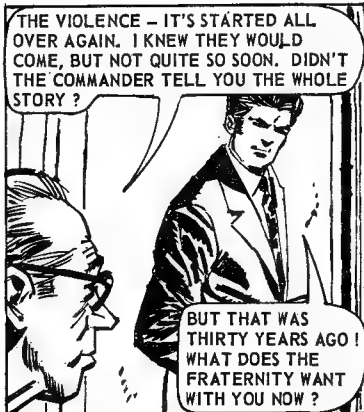
HE'S YOUR
OLD MAN! THEY
DIDN'T TELL US
THAT.



I DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED AROUND.
NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHO
SENT YOU OR DO I HAVE TO KNOCK IT
OUT OF YOU?

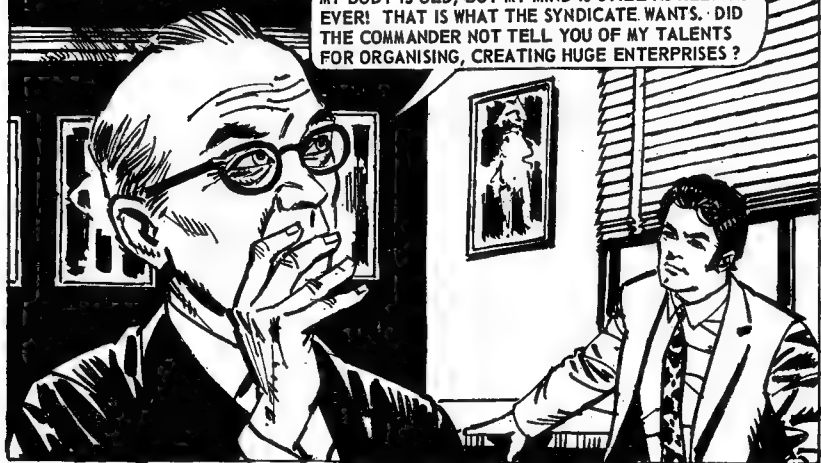
LET THEM
GO, RON. I
CAN TELL YOU
WHO SENT
THEM.





RON WAS AFRAID OF HURTING THE OLD MAN'S FEELINGS. HIS FATHER'S REACTION STARTLED HIM, FOR IT GAVE A SUDDEN GLIMPSE OF WHAT HIS FATHER HAD BEEN.

MY BODY IS OLD, BUT MY MIND IS STILL AS KEEN AS EVER! THAT IS WHAT THE SYNDICATE WANTS. DID THE COMMANDER NOT TELL YOU OF MY TALENTS FOR ORGANISING, CREATING HUGE ENTERPRISES?



BUT IT WAS NOT ME THE COMMANDER WANTED TO JOIN THE SYNDICATE - IT WAS YOU! THAT WAS WHY HE CAME TO SEE ME THAT NIGHT. BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT THE MAN WE BOTH HAD HOPED!

AS THE SON OF THE GREAT CARL PROUD I'D BE WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS, EH? I DOUBT IT!



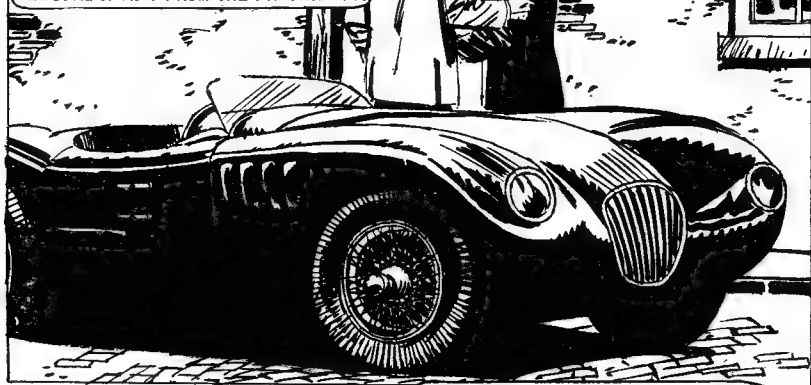
YOU THINK I EXAGGERATE MY USE TO THESE MEN, SON? I DON'T THINK SO! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE, THE DEBT I - WE - OWE COMMANDER RIDGEWAY. IF YOU REFUSE TO GO, THEN I MUST DO IT!

I CAN SEE YOU MEAN IT, FATHER. OKAY, I'LL TRY IT. BUT ON ONE CONDITION - THAT YOU STAY WITH SOME FRIENDS OF MINE FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!



THE FRIENDS RON HAD IN MIND COULD BE FOUND ALMOST ANY DAY IN A LITTLE RUN-DOWN GYMNASIUM IN THE EAST END ...

I DON'T THINK WE WERE FOLLOWED THIS TIME. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER - THESE FRIENDS OF MINE WOULD PROBABLY WELCOME A VISIT FROM THE FRATERNITY!



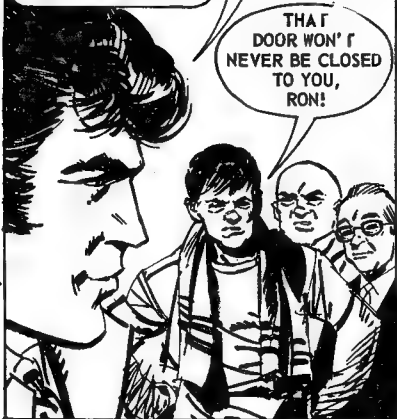
I SUPPOSE YOU'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDER. I'M GOING AFTER THE MEN WHO DID IT. I WANT YOU TO LOOK AFTER MY FATHER HERE.

DIDN'T KNOW YOU 'AD AN OLD MAN, RON. THE FIRST GEEZER WOT SHOWS HIS FACE IN THAT DOOR ASKING FOR HIM - 'E'S GOING TO WONDER WHAT 'IT HIM! WOT ABOUT SOME OF US GOIN' ALONG WITH YOU, RON? THE COMMANDER WAS A REAL GENT. WE'D ALL LIKE TO TAKE A SWIPE AT THE MUGS WHO COPPED HIM!



ONE OTHER THING. DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU MIGHT READ ABOUT ME SHORTLY IN THE PAPERS. I'D HATE TO COME BACK HERE AND FIND YOU LOT HAD TURNED AGAINST ME!

THAT
DOOR WON'T
NEVER BE CLOSED
TO YOU,
RON!



RON'S KEEN BRAIN WAS ALREADY WORKING FAST ...

AFTER THE WAY I ROUGHED UP THEIR TWO ERRAND BOYS, THE FRATERNITY WILL BE SUSPICIOUS OF ANY SUDDEN SHOW OF FRIENDSHIP. GOT TO LET THEM THINK I WAS FORCED TO JOIN ...



BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE HOSPITAL, THE IDEA HAD BEEN CAREFULLY WORKED OUT IN HIS MIND. NOW HE HAD TO SET IT IN MOTION.



THE DIFFICULT AND MOST VITAL PART WOULD BE GETTING INTO THE HOSPITAL WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

BIT OF
LUCK I KNOW
WHICH ROOM
HE'S IN. THAT
HELPS ...



GETTING INTO THE HOSPITAL WAS EASY. IT WAS THE SECOND STAGE WHICH PRESENTED A PROBLEM.

HAVE TO GET PAST THAT CONSTABLE - SOME KIND OF DISGUISE. ONE OF THESE DOORS MIGHT LEAD TO A LINEN CUPBOARD ...



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND A SPARE WHITE OVERALL, AND THERE ARE ALWAYS TROLLEYS ABOUT A HOSPITAL...

WHAT'S ALL THIS?
HAS THE COMMANDER
TAKEN A BAD TURN?

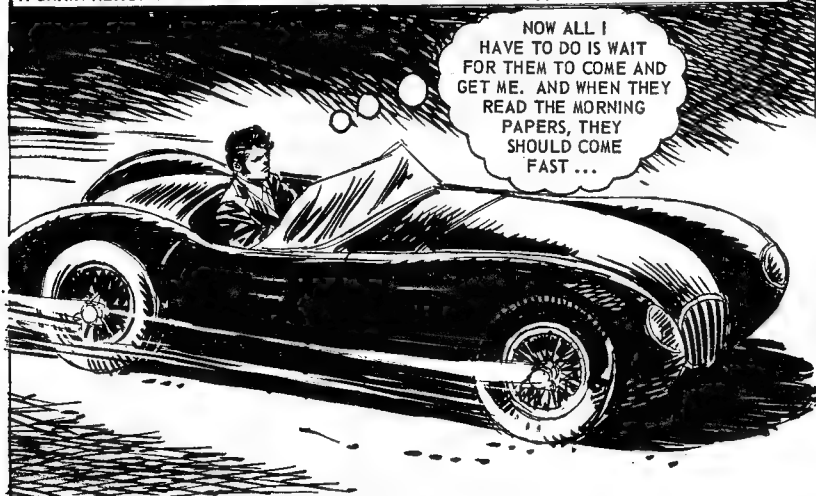
NO, JUST A
ROUTINE CHECK.
MIND HOLDING THE
DOOR OPEN,
CONSTABLE?



DON'T TALK,
JOHN - JUST
LISTEN! YOU
AND FATHER
WERE RIGHT.
BUT IF I'M TO
GET INTO THEIR
ORGANISATION, I
NEED A GOOD
REASON. YOU CAN
GIVE ME THAT ...

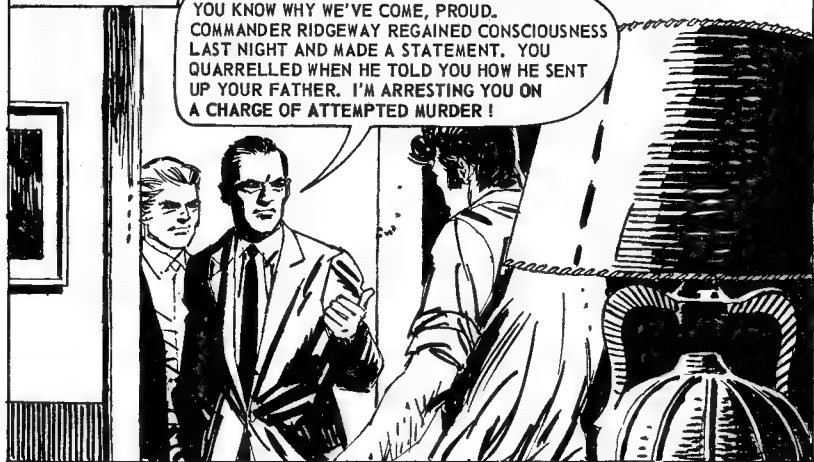


RON LEFT THE HOSPITAL AS UNOBTUSIVELY AS HE HAD ENTERED, HAVING SET IN MOTION A CHAIN REACTION WHICH WOULD CARRY ACROSS THE WORLD...



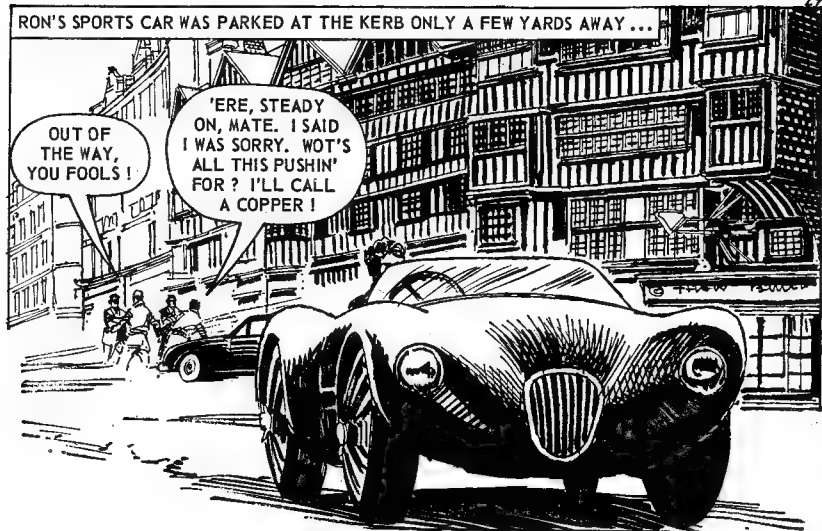
RON AWOK TO THE POUNDING OF FISTS. BUT THE CALLERS WERE NOT THE ONES HE HAD EXPECTED. ...

YOU KNOW WHY WE'VE COME, PROUD. COMMANDER RIDGEWAY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS LAST NIGHT AND MADE A STATEMENT. YOU QUARRELLED WHEN HE TOLD YOU HOW HE SENT UP YOUR FATHER. I'M ARRESTING YOU ON A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER !





RON'S SPORTS CAR WAS PARKED AT THE KERB ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY ...



AS RON SPED AWAY, HE NOTICED A NEARBY CAR PULL OUT AND FOLLOW ...

HELLO - SOMEONE'S ON MY TAIL! CAN'T BE THE POLICE OR THEY WOULD HAVE TRIED CLOSING IN BY NOW. BETTER LET THEM CATCH UP.



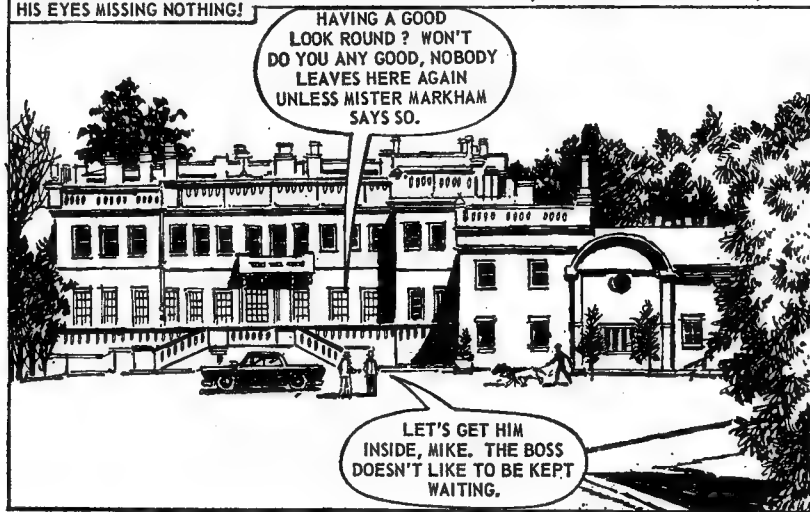
RON TURNED INTO A MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK. THE OTHER CAR FOLLOWED ...



HE WAS WALKING TOWARDS THE EXIT WHEN THE MYSTERY CAR SLID ALONGSIDE ...



RON HAD NO INTENTION OF TRYING ANYTHING. HE SAT QUIET, THE WHOLE HOUR'S DRIVE, HIS EYES MISSING NOTHING!



HE WAS PUSHED INTO A ROOM WHERE FOUR OTHERS WERE WAITING, NERVOUSLY. THREE, HE RECOGNISED AS PROMINENT INDUSTRIALISTS. THE OTHER, A SENIOR GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

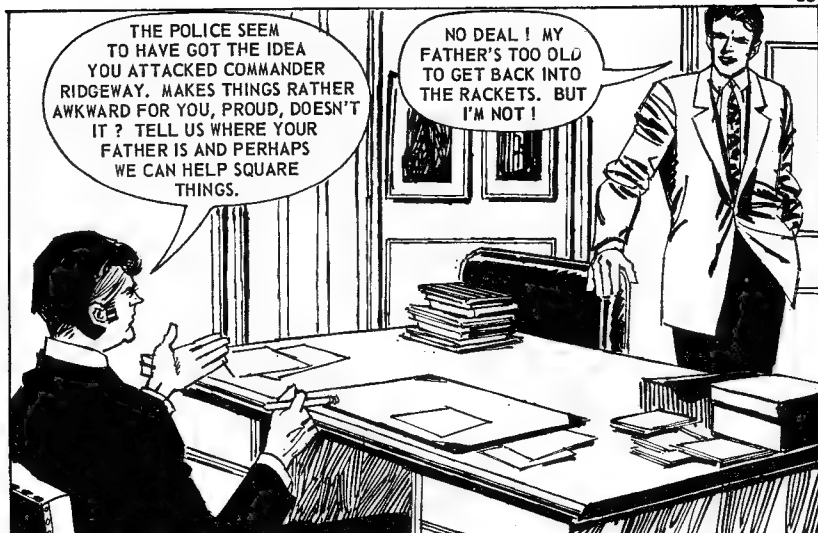


RON HAD NO DOUBTS ABOUT WHY THEY HAD BEEN BROUGHT HERE – AND THIS WAS SOON CONFIRMED BY THE MAN CALLED MARKHAM.

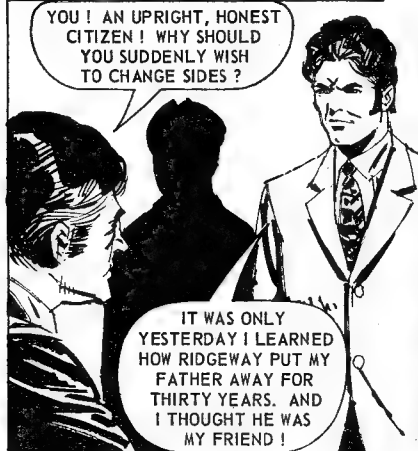


ONE OF THE MEN BEHIND MARKHAM INTERCEPTED SIR BRIAN AND TWISTED HIS ARM BEHIND HIS BACK.





SO RON BEGAN TO PLAY THE PART HE HAD BEEN BUILDING UP IN HIS MIND. HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON HOW CONVINCING HE WAS.



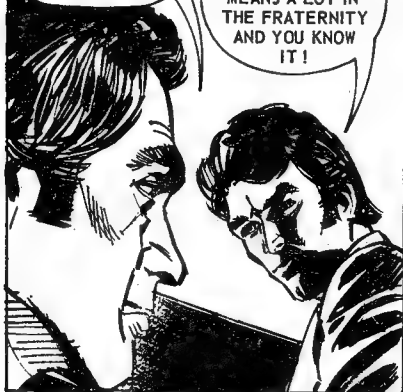
BUT YOU'VE REALLY NOTHING SPECIAL TO OFFER OUR ORGANISATION. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE COULD USE YOU?



MARKHAM'S ANGER WAS THE GIVE-AWAY.
RON KNEW HE HAD HIT A WEAK SPOT.

THAT'S BIG
TALK. I COULD
HAVE YOU KILLED
RIGHT NOW !

I DON'T
THINK SO ! THE
NAME PROUD STILL
MEANS A LOT IN
THE FRATERNITY
AND YOU KNOW
IT !



THE MEETING ENDED ABRUPTLY. RON
WAS ESCORTED UPSTAIRS AND LOCKED
IN A ROOM.

FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT I'D OVER-
PLAYED MY HAND. BUT I WAS RIGHT
ABOUT MARKHAM NOT BEING THE TOP
MAN. NOW IT'S 'WAIT AND SEE'!



RON SLEPT VERY LITTLE THAT NIGHT. HE WAS TENSE BUT
TRIED NOT TO SHOW IT, WHEN BREAKFAST WAS BROUGHT TO HIM.

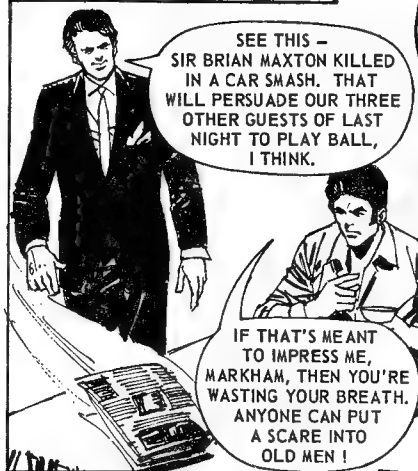


I HOPE
THE EGGS
ARE SOFT...

WISE GUY,
HUH ? I HOPE
THE BOSS LETS
ME TAKE CARE
OF YOU !



RON WAS STILL AT BREAKFAST WHEN MARKHAM CAME IN ...



WHAT
ABOUT ME ?
RECEIVED
ANY
INSTRUCTIONS ?

YOU WILL BE
LEAVING IN AN
HOUR — FOR NEW YORK.
AS THE POLICE ARE
LOOKING FOR YOU, SPECIAL
ARRANGEMENTS HAVE
BEEN MADE.



AN HOUR LATER ...



ON A DESERTED WARTIME AIRFIELD NEAR THE SOUTH COAST ...

WE'RE NOT
GOING TO TRY CROSSING
THE ATLANTIC IN THIS,
ARE WE ?

JUST THE CHANNEL,
MISTER. YOU'VE GOT A
SEAT BOOKED ON A
FLIGHT FROM PARIS.

ANOTHER CAR WAS WAITING IN A FRENCH FIELD: AS IT SPED RON TO THE PARIS AIRPORT,
HE WAS GIVEN CAREFULLY PREPARED PAPERS...

ALL IS IN
ORDER, M'SIEUR.
YOU MAY PROCEED.



THE EFFICIENCY OF THE FRATERNITY IMPRESSED RON. EVERY DETAIL HAD BEEN WORKED OUT, RIGHT DOWN TO THE CAR AND TWO MEN WAITING AT NEW YORK AIRPORT. HE BEGAN TO REALISE WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST...



THE BUILDING WAS ONE OF MANY SKYSCRAPERS IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK. BUT THE MEN INSIDE WERE NO ORDINARY BUSINESS MEN...



RON KNEW THAT ONLY HIS BOLDNESS HAD HELPED HIM GET THIS FAR. HE HAD TO MAINTAIN THAT FRONT...




THE SUDDEN TENSION WAS ELECTRIC. THEN A LOW LAUGH BROKE IT...



RON HAD TRIED TO IMAGINE THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINAL ORGANISATION - BUT HE HAD PICTURED NOTHING LIKE THIS MAN ...



BRING HIM
A CHAIR, LUKE.
...YOU ARE SURPRISED,
MY BOY! YOU EXPECTED
SOMEONE YOUNGER -
A BIG MAN,
PERHAPS?



YOUR FATHER
WAS EVEN SMALLER
THAN I AM - YET IT WAS
HE WHO SO BRILLIANTLY LAID
THE FOUNDATION FOR OUR VAST
ORGANISATION. HE COULD HAVE
BEEN SITTING IN THIS CHAIR,
BUT HE SHOWED WEAKNESS.
THAT'S SOMETHING WE
CAN'T AFFORD !



I WANT YOUR
FATHER. I'VE GOT
PLANS TO SET OUR
ORGANISATION ON
A PERMANENT
WORLD BASIS -
THROUGH THE
UNITED NATIONS!
YOUR FATHER HAS
A TALENT FOR
THAT SORT OF
THING. CAN YOU
DO WHAT HE CAN ?

I COULD
BEGIN BY TAKING
OVER YOUR LONDON
END, ANY TIME I
WANTED TO!

THE MURMUR OF ANGER DID NOT BOTHER RON, FOR THE FLICKER OF INTEREST IN THE OLD MAN'S EYES REASSURED HIM...

NO-ONE, NOT EVEN THE POLICE, HAS DARED RAISE A HAND AGAINST ANY OF OUR PEOPLE. HOW COULD YOU HARM MARKHAM?

I HAVE QUITE AN ORGANISATION OF MY OWN. I PROMISE YOU, WITH ONE PHONE CALL, I COULD BREAK THIS MARKHAM!



THE OLD MAN SNAPPED HIS FINGERS AND A TELEPHONE WAS BROUGHT IN, PUT ON THE TABLE AND PLUGGED IN...

THERE'S THE PHONE - GO AHEAD!



IT TOOK SEVERAL MINUTES TO PLACE THE CALL. IN THE GYM IN LONDON, A PHONE RANG AND WAS ANSWERED.

RON!
WHERE ARE YOU? HEY,
IT'S RON!

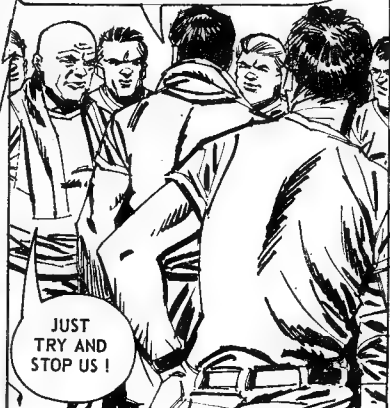


THE FRATERNITY THOUGHT HE WAS
BLUFFING. IT MADE THINGS EASIER...

THAT MAN, HARRY - THE ONE WHO GOT
RIDGEWAY AND FRAMED ME. I'LL TELL
YOU WHERE HE IS. GO GET HIM...



RON HAS JUST TOLD ME WHERE WE CAN
FIND THE GEEZER WOT SHOT UP THE
COMMANDER. A BIG 'OUSE, NEAR
BRIGHTON. HE SAYS FOR US TO GO
MESS HIM AN' HIS PALS UP A BIT. ANY-
ONE LIKE TO COME ALONG?



JUST
TRY AND
STOP US!



THESE
FELLAS ARE
ARMED, SO MAKE
SURE YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
TO HIT 'EM
WITH!

JUST LET
ME GET MY
MITTS ON A FEW
OF 'EM. THAT'S
ALL!

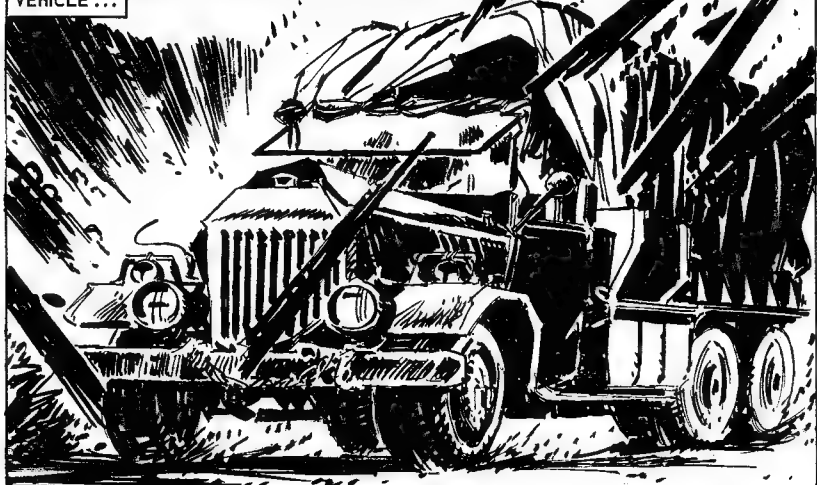
THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, RON WAITED CALMLY. IT GAVE HIM SOME PLEASURE TO THINK OF THE STORM NOW BEARING DOWN ON THE MURDEROUS MARKHAM.



THE OLD TRUCK RATTLED ALONG THE BRIGHTON ROAD, PACKED TO THE SIDES WITH MEN OF BRAWN AND MUSCLE ...



A FEW MORE SCRATCHES AND DENTS WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THE ANCIENT VEHICLE ...



BY THE TIME THE TRUCK HAD DRIVEN UP THE LONG DRIVE, THE ALARM HAD BEEN RAISED. BUT MARKHAM'S MEN RAN INTO A BUNCH OF TWO-FISTED TEARAWAYS !



IN A FEW MINUTES, IT BECAME OBVIOUS TO MARKHAM THAT THE BATTLE WAS GOING AGAINST HIS MEN. HE HURRIEDLY DISAPPEARED INSIDE THE HOUSE ...

OH, NO
YOU DON'T,
MISTER - GUNS
AIN'T PLAYING
FAIR!



BALDY CRASHED THE DOOR DOWN - AND SHOTS WHISTLED OUT TO GREET THEM ...

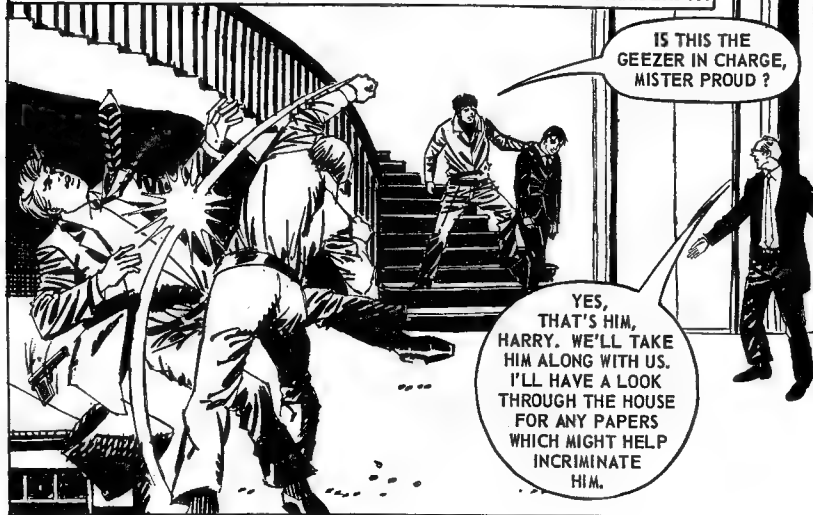
CAREFUL
- THEY'VE
GOT GUNS!



THE BURLY RAIDERS IMPROVISED, SIMPLY BUT EFFICIENTLY - WITH STONE SLABS TORN UP FROM THE TERRACE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.



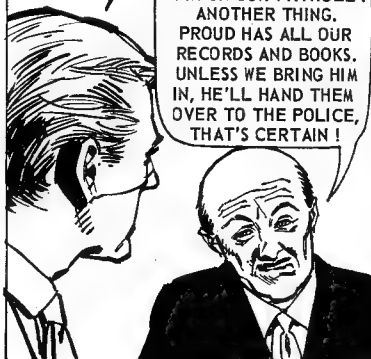
THE GUNMEN SCATTERED IN PANIC - AND WERE HUNTED DOWN BY THE RAIDERS ...





YEAH, WHEN IT GETS OUT THAT SOME GUYS HAVE BROKEN OUR HOLD IN ENGLAND, OTHERS MIGHT START GETTING IDEAS.

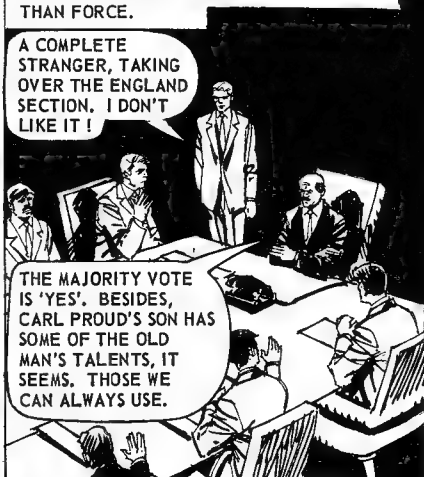
WHY BREAK HIM, LUKE? BETTER TO HAVE HIM AND HIS MEN ON OUR PAYROLL! ANOTHER THING. PROUD HAS ALL OUR RECORDS AND BOOKS. UNLESS WE BRING HIM IN, HE'LL HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE, THAT'S CERTAIN!



FROM THAT MOMENT, RON KNEW HE WAS IN. NOTHING IMPRESSED THESE MEN MORE THAN FORCE.

A COMPLETE STRANGER, TAKING OVER THE ENGLAND SECTION. I DON'T LIKE IT!

THE MAJORITY VOTE IS 'YES'. BESIDES, CARL PROUD'S SON HAS SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S TALENTS, IT SEEMS. THOSE WE CAN ALWAYS USE.



THERE WAS NO QUESTIONING THE OLD MAN'S AUTHORITY. RON WAS ALLOWED TO LOOK INTO THE HEART AND BRAINS OF THE FRATERNITY'S CRIME MACHINE.

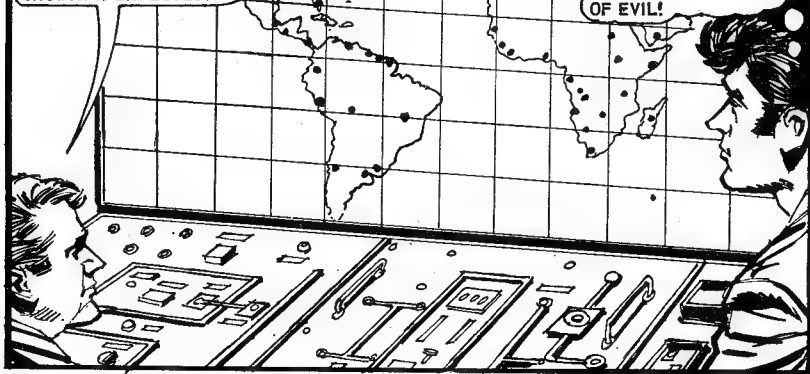
WE KEEP A RECORD OF EVERYBODY UNDER OUR CONTROL - FROM THE SMALLEST SHOPKEEPER TO THE BIGGEST TYCOON. SOMETIMES A GUY FAILS TO KEEP UP HIS PAYMENTS AND HE HAS TO BE ELIMINATED. THAT'S ONE NOW!



EACH STAGE OF THE COMPLEX SEEMED MORE INCREDIBLE THAN THE LAST.

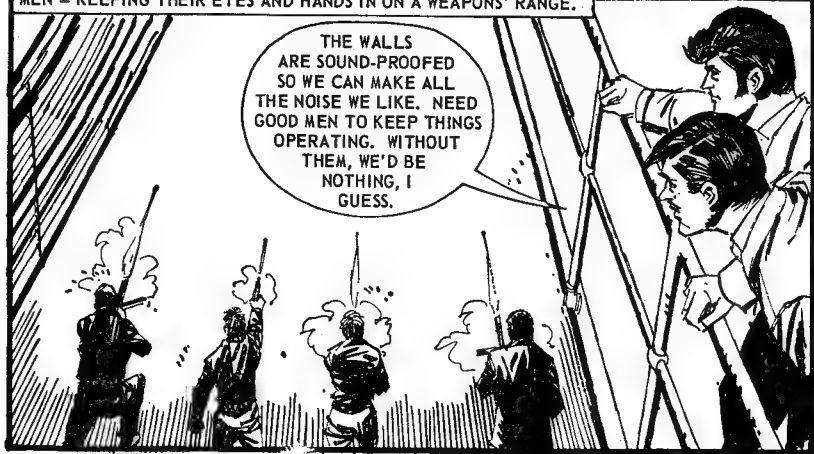
EVERY LIGHT REPRESENTS WHAT WE CALL AN AGENCY. EACH HAS ITS HEAD MAN, RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS OPERATION. WE GET A WEEKLY REPORT AND A WEEKLY RETURN. A TEN PER CENT GROWTH IS EXPECTED.

BY GROWTH, HE MEANS INCREASE IN PROFITS, OR CONTROL. MORE AND MORE MONEY SQUEEZED FROM INNOCENT PEOPLE TO FINANCE THIS GIGANTIC OPERATION OF EVIL!

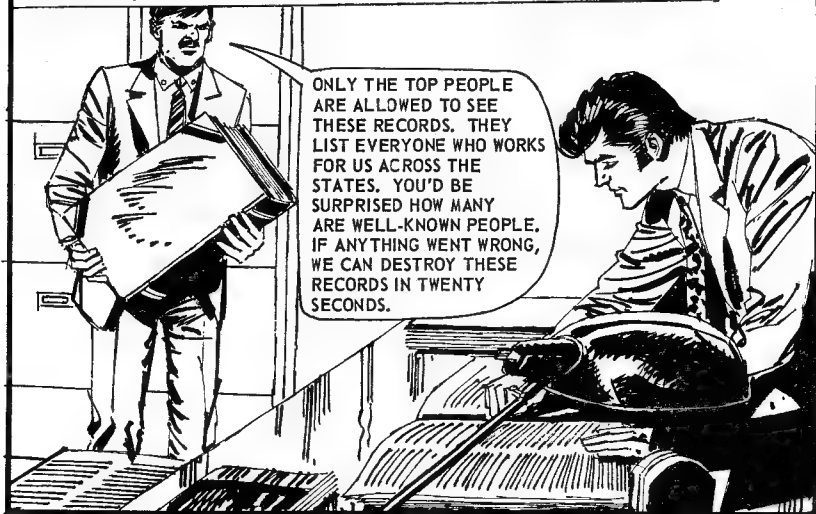


IN A VAST BASEMENT, HE WAS SHOWN SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST RUTHLESS "STRONG-ARM" MEN - KEEPING THEIR EYES AND HANDS IN ON A WEAPONS' RANGE.

THE WALLS ARE SOUND-PROOFED SO WE CAN MAKE ALL THE NOISE WE LIKE. NEED GOOD MEN TO KEEP THINGS OPERATING. WITHOUT THEM, WE'D BE NOTHING, I GUESS.



AND FINALLY, THE ONE PART OF THE SYNDICATE WHICH RON HAD HOPED TO SEE.



AT THE END OF THE CONDUCTED TOUR ...



THAT EVENING ...

YOU'LL
NEED THIS
GUN, PROUD.
CLEGG WILL
EXPLAIN ON THE
WAY WHAT
THE JOB
IS ...



WHERE
ARE WE
GOING ?

TO CALL ON SENATOR
KEITHING, HEAD OF THE
NEW CRIME COMMISSION.
WE'VE TRIED TO WARN
HIM OFF, BUT HE DON'T
SCARE EASILY. TOO BAD !



WITH A COLD CHILL, RON REALISED THAT HE WAS TRAPPED. THEY HAD LED HIM ALONG, SHOWED HIM EVERYTHING. NOW CAME THE CRUNCH !

THIS
IS WHERE
HE LIVES.
YOU GO FIRST -
IT'S YOUR
PARTY !



A BUTLER ANSWERED THE DOOR - AND THEY MUSCLED THEIR WAY IN ...

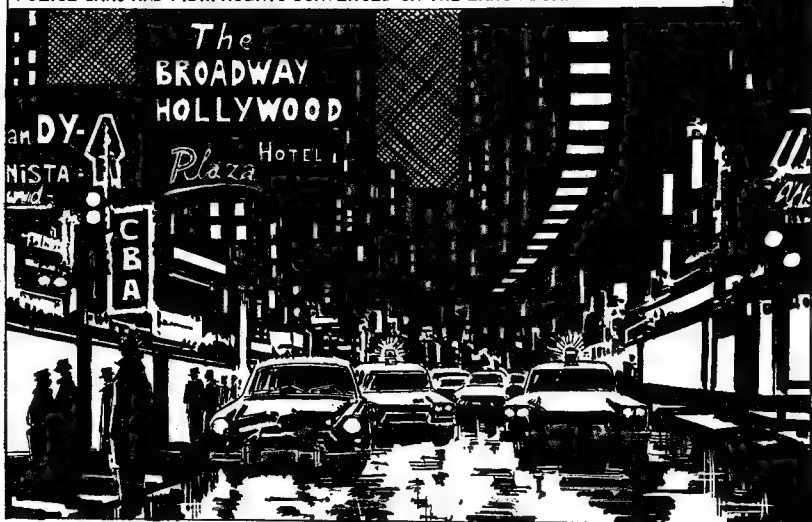


RON KNEW HE COULD NEVER KILL IN COLD BLOOD. THERE WAS ONLY ONE COURSE OPEN TO HIM ...



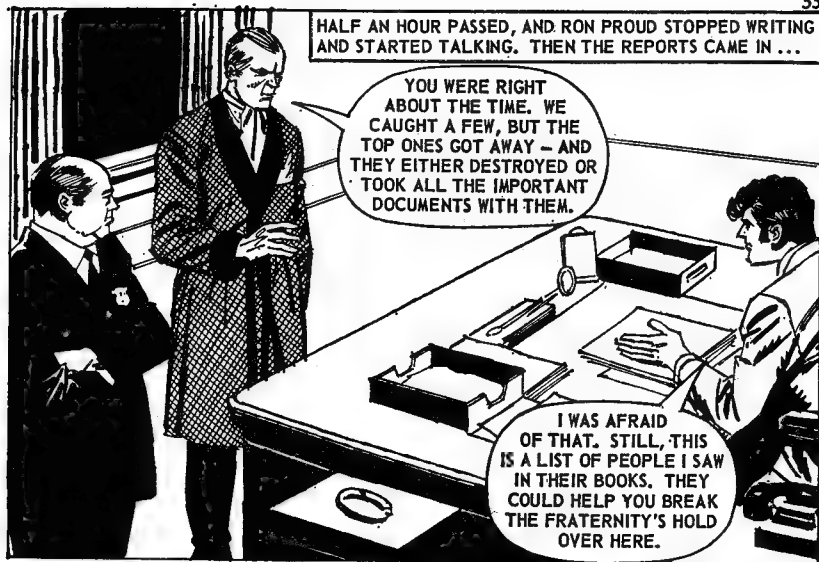


DURING THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, URGENT PHONE CALLS FLASHED ACROSS NEW YORK. POLICE CARS AND F.B.I. AGENTS CONVERGED ON THE LARGE BUILDING DOWNTOWN.



WHILE POLICE SMASHED A WAY INTO THE FRATERNITY'S BUILDING, RON PROUD SAT QUIETLY AT THE SENATOR'S DESK AND BEGAN TO WRITE ...





SENATOR KEITHING PULLED STRINGS AND A FEW HOURS LATER ...

THE POLICE ARE ALREADY PULLING IN THESE PEOPLE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. WHEN THEY SEE HOW MANY WE'VE GOT, SOME WILL TALK. WE'VE GOT A LOT TO THANK YOU FOR, SON.



AT LONDON AIRPORT, THE ENGLISH POLICE WERE WAITING FOR RON ...

WE HAD A RADIO MESSAGE FROM NEW YORK. SEEMS YOU CAUSED QUITE A STIR OVER THERE. ALL IN ONE NIGHT, TOO!

I'D LIKE TO SEE COMMANDER RIDGEWAY.

THAT'S JUST WHERE WE ARE TAKING YOU. THE COMMANDER'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.



THERE WERE FAMILIAR FACES AROUND THE COMMANDER'S BED AT THE HOSPITAL.



A POLICE INSPECTOR INTERRUPTED THE GREETINGS ...





AND I
USED TO THINK
THE FRATERNITY MOBSTERS
WERE TOUGH. THOSE CHARACTERS
OF YOURS MAKE THEM LOOK
LIKE A BUNCH OF OLD
LADIES, COMMANDER.

I AM
RATHER PROUD
OF THEM, INSPECTOR.
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL AGREE
THAT STARTING THAT
GYM WAS A GOOD
IDEA !

THE LAST LAP

"ROCKET" MCGRAW TREATED HIS FELLOW RACING DRIVERS WITH CONTEMPT... BOTH ON AND OFF THE TRACK.

IT'S THE LIMEY'S FIRST BIG RACE OVER HERE, SMOKEY. HE SHOULD HAVE STAYED AT HOME, EH? THE PANHANDLE IS A RACE! FOR MEN!



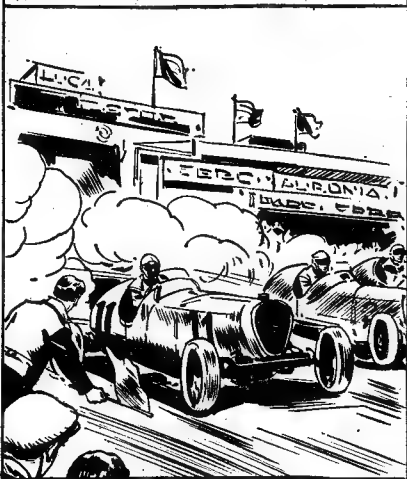
PETER WHITMORE LOOKED RUEFULLY AFTER THE AMERICAN ACE...

I GUESS HE'S RIGHT! I'M A NOVICE IN A FIELD LIKE THIS ONE...

TAKE NO NOTICE OF MCGRAW, WHITMORE... BUT LOOK OUT FOR HIM AT THE CORNERS. HE PLAYS IT ROUGH!



THE FLAG CAME DOWN... THE CARS THUNDERED AWAY...



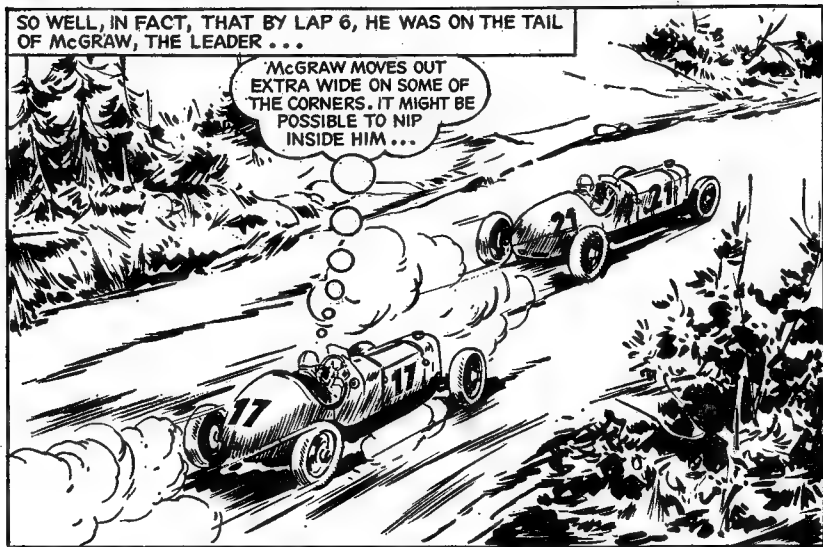
BUT ALTHOUGH PETER WHITMORE'S EXPERIENCE WAS LIMITED BY HIS YEARS, HIS SKILL AS A DRIVER MADE UP FOR IT . . .

LAP THREE .
PETER'S UP WITH
THE LEADERS STILL ...
HE'S DOING WELL !



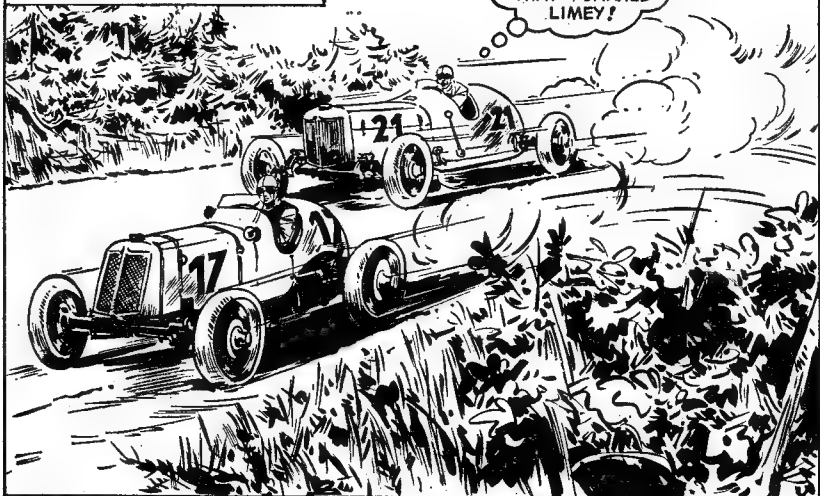
SO WELL, IN FACT, THAT BY LAP 6, HE WAS ON THE TAIL OF McGRAW, THE LEADER . . .

'McGRAW MOVES OUT
EXTRA WIDE ON SOME
OF THE CORNERS. IT MIGHT BE
POSSIBLE TO NIP
INSIDE HIM ...



IT WAS A SHREWD TACTIC AND IT PAID OFF . . .

HELL'S FIRE ! IT'S THAT DARNED LIMEY !



THEY CAME OUT OF THAT CORNER SIDE BY SIDE . . . AND MCGRAW WAS SAWING AT THE WHEEL . . .

THE RAT... HE'S EDGING ME OFF THE ROAD !

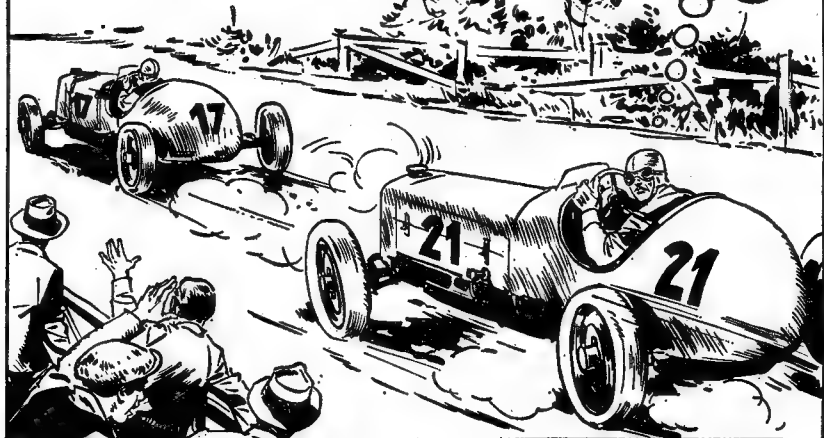


GRITTING HIS TEETH, PETER REFUSED TO GIVE GROUND AND TROD THE ACCELERATOR TO THE FLOORBOARDS . . .



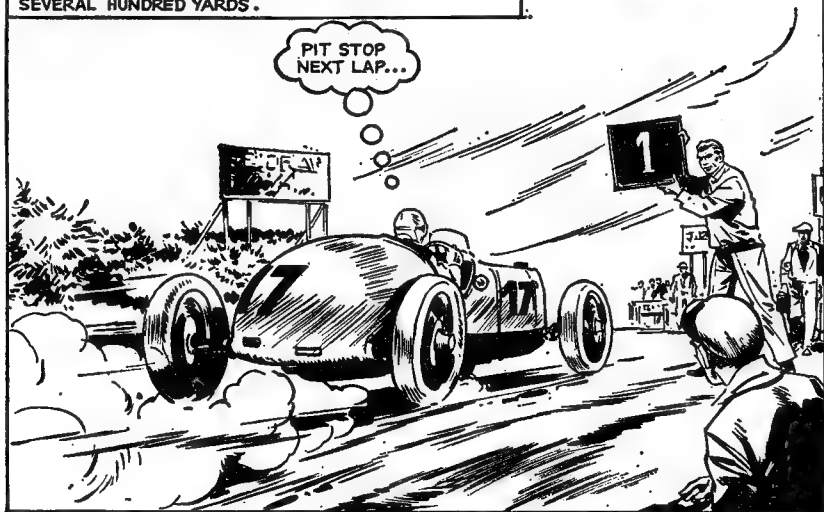
ROCKET MCGRAW'S UGLY FACE
TWISTED IN A SNARL . . .

CURSE IT ! HE'S
GOT THE LEGS OF
THIS HEAP !



TEN CIRCUITS AND THE ENGLISH CAR HAD A LEAD OF
SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS .

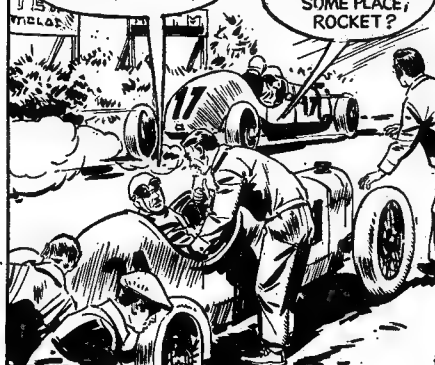
PIT STOP
NEXT LAP...



LAP 11. PETER WAS DRAWING AWAY AGAIN AS McGRAW BRAKED SAVAGELY BESIDE HIS PIT AND HIS MECHANICS STARTED TO REFUEL...

THE SWINE'S FIVE MILES AN HOUR FASTER. WHAT THE HADES HAVE Y'DONE TO THIS ENGINE, SMOKEY?

YOU WANT I SHOULD TRY AN' SLOW HIM DOWN SOME PLACE, ROCKET?



ROCKET MCGRAW DREW HIS CHIEF MECHANIC'S HEAD DOWN CLOSE TO HIS...

YEAH... OUT IN THE COUNTRY WHERE IT'S QUIET, BUT LEAVE IT TO THE LAST LAP WHEN HE'S CERTAIN OF WINNING. RIGHT?

OKAY, BOSS... LEAVE IT TO ME!



MILE AFTER MILE ROLLED BY... AND THE AMERICAN ACE COULD NOT CLOSE THE GAP. THE LAST LAP...

GOOD GRIEF! THAT CHAP'S IN TROUBLE! MUST BE ONE OF THE TAIL-ENDERS!



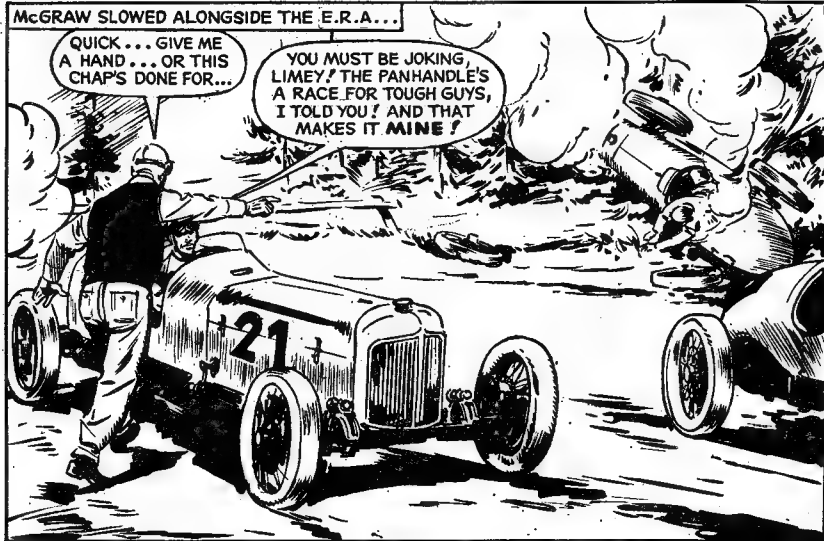
IT WAS A LONELY PART OF THE CIRCUIT .
INSTINCTIVELY, PETER BRAKED...



AS HE CLIMBED FROM HIS CAR , PETER
HEARD MCGRAW'S CAR COMING UP FAST...



MCGRAW SLOWED ALONGSIDE THE E.R.A....



THE AMERICAN ROARED AWAY. BUT BY NOW, TWO STEWARDS WERE RUNNING TOWARDS THE CRASH . . .



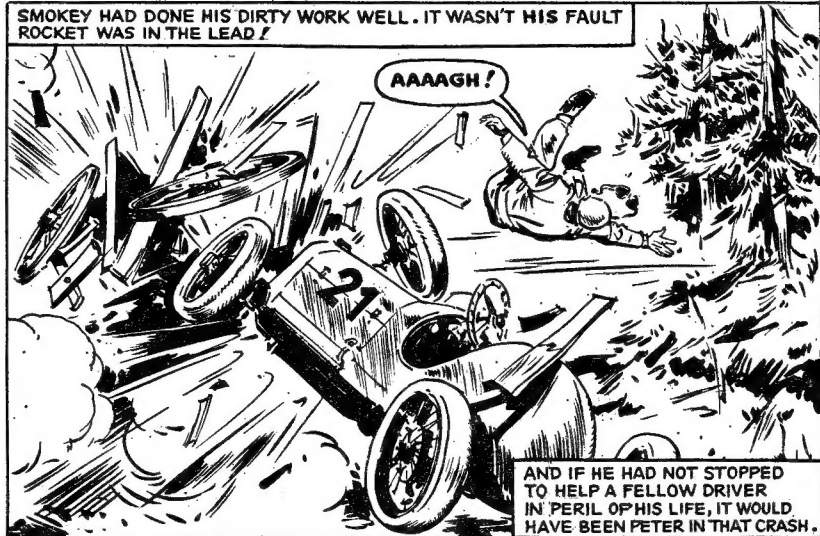
BY THIS TIME, MCGRAW WAS APPROACHING A SECTION OF THE COURSE WHERE THE ROAD TWISTED UP AMONG SOME TREES . . .



ITS ENGINE ROAR ECHOING BACK FROM THE TREES, MCGRAW'S CAR TORE ROUND A BEND... AND THEN ...



SMOKEY HAD DONE HIS DIRTY WORK WELL. IT WASN'T HIS FAULT
ROCKET WAS IN THE LEAD!



AND IF HE HAD NOT STOPPED
TO HELP A FELLOW DRIVER
IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE, IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN PETER IN THAT CRASH.

TEN SECONDS LATER, PETER WHITMORE THUNDERED BY...
ON HIS WAY TO THE WINNING POST...



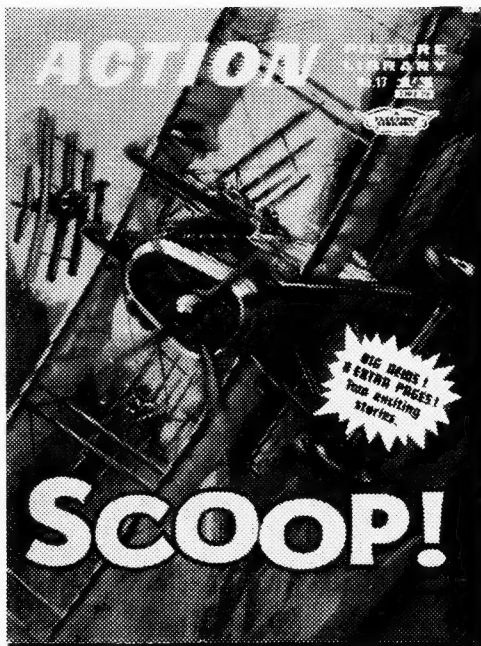
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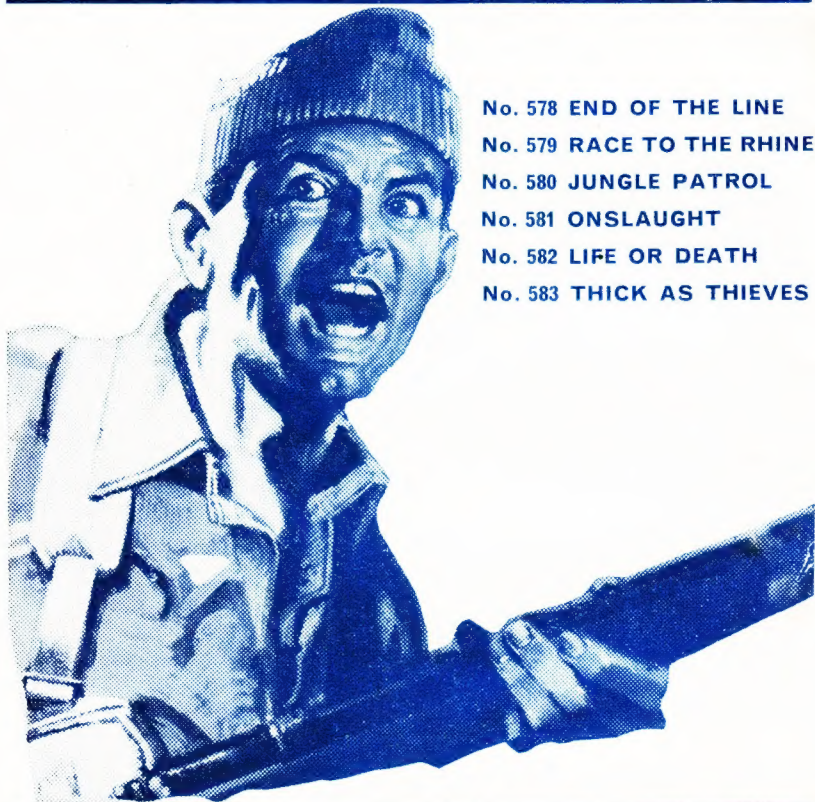
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